PEACE CORPS Volunteer

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Seven Former Volunteers Now Recruiting

Peace Corps Seeks Best on Many Campuses

Georgianna Shine lived in Kensington, Conn., and had worked as a substitute teacher when she joined the Peace Corps. She has a B.S. in English from Central Connecticut State College. In Ghana, she taught English language and literature at Tema Secondary School and also served as housemistress for 45 girls.

By Georgianna Shine

Once a Volunteer, always a Volunteer —you never can escape. Among my mail on Christmas morning was a follow-up questionnaire from a training-program psychologist. The first question was, "What are you actually doing this year?"

I went to Ghana in August, 1961, with the first group of Peace Corps Volunteers. When I completed service this summer, Yale offered me a fellowship, and my old teaching job was waiting for me. But what am I actually doing now?

Dear Dr. Smith, my title is Peace Corps Recruiting Officer.

At Christmastime a year ago, I was snorting at Peace Corps publicity: it was too rosy, too superficial, and too much. What was needed were a few hard-headed Volunteers to carry back first-hand information about problems as well as satisfactions. Action was called for.

Suggested Approach

In March, I suggested this approach, and in August, when I had returned to the U.S., I became a Peace Corps Recruiting Officer. Altogether there are seven returned Volunteers working in recruiting.

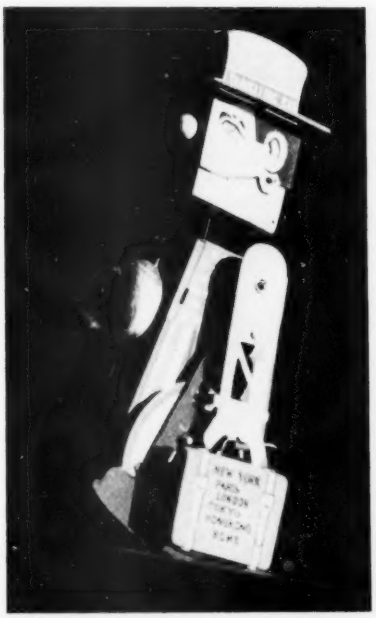
The Recruiting Division is responsible for giving out information to all persons —individually or in groups—who have an interest in Peace Corps service. Nearly everyone in the Washington headquarters, including Sargent Shriver, spends several weeks a year carrying the Peace Corps message to places where there are prospective Volunteers.

Much of this recruiting is designed to cope with the unfillable demand from countries abroad for Volunteers with professional, agricultural, and technical skills: carpenters, plumbers, home economists, coaches, doctors, lawyers, nurses, and agricultural specialists of all sorts.

An even larger part of the recruiting effort, however, is directed to college campuses. It is with this activity that I have worked closely.

During the fall term, Peace Corps teams visited 70 universities with a total population of 871,000 students; individual recruiters visited 250 small colleges. In the next four months, Peace Corps recruiters will visit campuses with about a million and a half students.

The recruiters talk in classes and meetings, appear on radio and TV shows, answer questions, distribute questionnaires, and administer the Peace Corps Test (we have to keep assuring people that it is noncompetitive) several times a day. We even have been known to tack posters on trees at midnight.



Meet "Travelling Sam, the Peace Corps Man"—he walks, he talks (well, almost: his mouth flaps up and down, and a bell rings), he carries a suitcase with a lot of non-Peace Corps labels. Spring driven, he scoots around, back and forth, on wheels, getting nowhere and occasionally falling on his face. He is an import and costs $1, when you can find him.

Recent Peace Corps advertising, which is reproduced on the posters as well as in newspapers and magazines, emphasizes the lack of glamour in Peace Corps service. Our advertising has advantages over the usual campaign in that it, too, is noncompetitive: the Peace Corps is unique and doesn't have to be "better" than something else.

To my surprise, much of the information we provide on college campuses fills a real need. The Volunteer abroad, hypersensitive as he is about his own reasons for volunteering, often thinks that Peace Corps advertising has reached the saturation point. This is just not so.

Americans, and particularly college students, do want information about the Peace Corps. You can say fairly that they know *of* the Peace Corps, but they know little *about* the Peace Corps. The recruiter is bombarded with questions: what about choice of country? language? skill requirements? subsistence? draft status?

Commonest Questions

Probably the three most "personal" questions are these:

"What can a liberal-arts graduate do in the Peace Corps?" (There are thousands of liberal-arts graduates serving as teachers or community-development workers.)

"Why should a Ph.D. in chemistry give up two years to go somewhere and dig ditches?" (The Peace Corps needs chemistry graduates to serve as chemistry teachers; it has more openings than it can fill.)

"How can I join the Peace Corps when I know only English?" (Prospective Volunteers bound for areas where English is not spoken are given language instruction during training in the U.S.)

And then there are the deeper questions: "Do you really think that you accomplished anything of lasting value?" A gratifying feature of the grilling that recruiters take is that the questioners

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Peace Corps Around the World

The number of Volunteers serving overseas reached 6000 in mid-December, and about 1000 more prospective Volunteers were training in the U.S. in preparation for assignments abroad. The roster of countries with Peace Corps projects now totals 46 (Malaya, Sabah, and Sarawak have have been counted as one since the Malaysian Federation was established in September). By August, 1964, the Peace Corps hopes to have 11,300 Volunteers at work in overseas assignments.

By the end of December, 561 Volunteers had completed their two-year service and left host countries for home. Several groups are scheduled to return in January and February. Other year-end figures of the Division of Volunteer Support show that 61 Volunteers have extended their tours from three to 12 months, and one Volunteer has signed up for another two-year assignment in a different country.

There have been 53 intra-Peace Corps marriages—in training or overseas—recorded; another 21 Volunteers have married "outside" the Peace Corps: to host-country citizens or to other Americans. Since the first group entered training on June 25, 1961, a total of 10,285 Volunteer-trainees has entered training in the U.S., with 2159 dropped for health and other reasons. There have been 504 early terminations, slightly more than seven per cent of the total number of Volunteers who have gone overseas. Men still outnumber women in the Peace Corps, almost 2 to 1

In mid-December, 2077 Volunteers were serving in Africa, 1077 in the Far East, 2148 in Latin America, and 698 in the Near East and South Asia. By area, country, and type of program, the totals are:

AFRICA: Cameroon, community action, 14; teaching, 76. Ethiopia, health, 39; teaching, 375. Gabon, public works, 36; teaching, 17; (22 more public-works Volunteers were to go to Gabon in late December). Ghana, public works, 23; teaching, 116. Guinea, agriculture, 32; teaching, 24. Ivory Coast, teaching, 56. Liberia, teaching, 283. Morocco, community action, 44; teaching, 59. Niger, agriculture, 9; teaching, 5. Nigeria, teaching, 370 (105 more teachers were to go to Nigeria in late December). Nyasaland, teaching, 44 (more teachers were to go to Nyasaland this month). Senegal, community action, 27; teaching, 39. Sierra Leone, community action, 20; health, 10; teaching, 101. Somali Republic, teaching, 31. Tanganyika, health, 20; teaching, 77. Togo, agriculture, 4; health, 17; teaching, 17. Tunisia, agriculture, 13; health, 24; public works, 38; teaching, 17.

FAR EAST: Indonesia, teaching, 17 (14 more teachers were to go to Indonesia this month). Malaya, community action, 25; health, 38; teaching, 80 (another group of 55 teachers, 10 health workers, and 9 community-action workers was to go to Malaya this month). Sabah/Sarawak, community action, 32; health, 14; teaching, 40 (another group of 52 teachers and community action workers were to go to Sabah/Sarawak this month). Philippines, community action, 22; teaching, 565. Thailand, community action, 21; health, 12; teaching, 201 (24 more community-action workers were to go to Thailand this month).

LATIN AMERICA: Bolivia, community action, 54; health, 53; teaching, 15 (another group of teachers and 27 health workers were to go to Bolivia this month). Brazil, agriculture, 63; community action, 111; health, 25 (another group of community-action workers is to go to Brazil in February). British Honduras, teaching, 29. Chile, community action, 99; teaching, 8. Colombia, agriculture, 36; community action, 167; health, 68; teaching, 95 (50 educational television workers, a group of teachers, 40 community-action workers, and a group of health workers were to go to Colombia this and next month). Costa Rica, community action, 24; health, 18; teachers, 26. Dominican Republic, agriculture, 7; community action, 134; health, 17; teaching, 17. Ecuador, agriculture, 110; community action, 94; teaching, 32 (two more groups of teachers and 26 community-action workers were to go to Ecuador this month). El Salvador, agriculture, 21; community action, 27. Guatemala, agriculture, 19; community action, 38 (57 more community-action workers were to go to Guatemala in late December). Honduras, community action, 61. Jamaica, teaching, 38 (another group of 20 teachers and four community-action workers was to go to Jamaica this month). Panama, agriculture, 7; community action, 4; health, 47. Peru community action, 237; teaching, 55; health, 77 (another group of teachers and 23 community-action workers was to go Peru this month). St. Lucia, agriculture, 2; teaching, 15. Uruguay, agriculture, 18. Venezuela, agriculture, 25; community action, 14; teaching, 59.

NEAR EAST & SOUTH ASIA: Afghanistan, multi-purpose, 9; teaching, 26 (36 more multi-purpose workers were to go to Afghanistan this month). Ceylon, teaching, 34. Cyprus, community action, 22. India, agriculture, 3; community action, 40; teaching, 81 (a group of 34 agricultural workers, nine nurses, and four mechanics and a journalist was to go to India this month). Iran, teaching, 45. Nepal, agriculture, 12; community action, 39; teaching, 50; Pakistan, agriculture, 17; community action, 73; health, 29; teaching, 27; multi-purpose, 1; public works, 48 (another group of agricultural workers and 27 public-works Volunteers was to go to Pakistan this month). Turkey, agriculture, 8; health, 19; teaching, 115.

Volunteers Are Cautioned On Home-Front Book Drives

The means by which Volunteers can obtain books for schools and communities overseas were listed this month by the Peace Corps' Book Co-ordination Office, along with a word of caution about book drives held in the U.S. for the benefit of Volunteer projects abroad.

Norman Rae, of the Book Co-ordination Office, notes that, in the first place, the Peace Corps is not authorized to pay (and thus has no money available) for shipments of books collected by private citizens. Unfortunate situations have occurred in which book drives were undertaken by relatives or friends of Volunteers on the assumption that the Peace Corps would pay shipping costs, Rae said. He observed that the agency is authorized only to supply Volunteers with books for their personal use, or with books essential for the direct performance of their jobs.

Rae requested that Volunteers consider, before suggesting book-collecting campaigns in their home towns, a number of questions about the use of American books in other countries.

- Can American textbooks be used in classes in host-country schools?
- How do faculty members and associates feel about American books? How will these books be introduced?
- Would a second-grade primer aimed at a seven-year-old U.S. child be of interest to host-country students of elementary English who may be 15 or 20 years old?
- Will subject matter set in a U.S. context be meaningful to students? Are there subjects inappropriate for use in other countries, such as U.S. civics texts, arithmetic books using the English system of weights and measures rather than the metric system, or language books which present the host-country's tongue as a "foreign" language?
- Is the age of the book an important consideration in choosing science, history, or geography texts?
- What precautions must be taken to eliminate books with offensive subject matter? Should Volunteers review lists of book titles before the books are shipped abroad?

Rae asked, in addition, that Volunteers give careful thought to implications of book donations in regard to the Peace Corps' philosophy of manpower assistance, rather than material aid—an area where it is difficult to draw a firm line. Will the Volunteer be welcomed more for the materials he brings than for his own presence and resourcefulness?

Under an earlier program, Volunteers could arrange to receive books collected at home through the U.S. Navy's "Project Handclasp," but the Navy, with a big backlog of books, has been forced to suspend the program for lack of shipping and storage space.

The most direct, least expensive way for private donors to send books to Volunteers is by international mail, Rae said. Under a special rate for hardbound books, a package weighing 11 pounds—the maximum—can be sent anywhere for $1.34. (Rates are less and maximum weights greater to some Latin American countries.)

As a better alternative to book collections, a Donated Book Program has been initiated by the United States Information Agency, Rae said. Some 500,000 books—all new or in excellent condition—are being sent to Volunteers through Peace Corps Representatives.

The books have been received from publishers, the U.S. Post Office dead-letter sections, and public school systems. During January, Rae said, Peace Corps Representatives abroad will have a second opportunity under the new program to register needs for books, as requested by Volunteers. Requests will be made by category—social sciences, English texts, children's books, for example—but as much specific comment as possible will be helpful, as to whether the books will be for classroom use, elementary reading level, or whatever.

Requests will be filled between February and June, Rae said. He noted that although the lapse between request and delivery would be long, the Donated Book Program offers Volunteers their best opportunity to obtain useful books, carefully chosen and in good condition.

Volunteer Teacher Dies in Philippines

Peace Corps Volunteer Roger S. McManus died Dec. 9 in Cotabato, Mindanao, Philippines, of an overdose of medication. He was 24.

McManus had been serving as a co-teacher in an elementary school in a nearby village. He had been in the Philippines since September, 1962.

He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis McManus of El Centro, Cal. He graduated from Central Union High School there in 1958. Later he graduated from San Francisco State College with a degree in drama. He also studied at the University of the Pacific in Stockton, Cal.

Philippines Vice President Emmanuel Pelaez, who was touring California at the time of the funeral, flew to El Centro to visit McManus's parents and to express the condolences of his country for the death of the Volunteer.

McManus was the eighth Volunteer to die in service. Four have died in plane crashes, two in car accidents, and one of illness.

Hostages Held 10 Days in Bolivia Include Volunteer From Hawaii

Robert Fergerstrom, a Peace Corps Volunteer from Honolulu, was one of four Americans held hostage for 10 days by tin miners in Bolivia.

The four, along with a dozen or so mine technicians (including other foreign citizens), were seized on Dec. 6 at the Siglo XX (20th Century) Mine near Catavi, 150 miles south of La Paz, Bolivia's capital. The miners held them hostage in retaliation for the arrest by the Bolivian government of two mine-union leaders.

The Americans were, besides Fergerstrom, Bernard Rifkin, a labor adviser with the U.S. Agency for International Development, and Thomas Martin and Michael Kristula, employees of the U.S. Information Service. The four had gone to the area to look into the possibilities of a community-development project there.

They were held in a mine-union hall guarded for the most part by wives of the dissident miners. Release negotiations progressed slowly owing to the Bolivian government's unwillingness to consider the Americans as exchangeable for the arrested mine leaders.

On Dec. 16, while release negotiations were being completed, the Americans put on their coats and walked out of the union hall in a body. No one stopped them. They soon met an American official who was serving as one of the release negotiators, and they were driven to a town nearby and then flown back to La Paz.

Fergerstrom, 26, has a B.S. in civil engineering from the University of Hawaii. He has been in Bolivia since June, 1962, and has undertaken a number of engineering projects, including some in the Alto Beni program to relocate Bolivians from the Andean plateau to more temperate regions.

Upon their release, the four Americans were invited by President Johnson to return to the U.S. for Christmas. Rifkin, Martin, and Kristula flew to Washington and were interviewed by President Johnson. They described their treatment at the hands of their captors as good.

Fergerstrom declined the invitation to return, electing to stay on the job with the other Volunteers in Bolivia who would have no such vacation.

First-class travel

Exotic foods

Luxurious living

with pay

You were expecting maybe romance . . . glamour? Then forget about the Peace Corps. Glamorous it's not. You're going to be right in there with monotony, illiteracy and an army of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. Helping people who have asked for help. You're going to work 16 hours a day and sometimes some of the people won't even know what you're doing there in the first place. And you will see one fraction of the results you'd hoped for. But it's worth it when a kid in Nigeria understands what an alphabet is and some day will be able to use it. When a farmer in India gets chickens with some meat on them for a change. Or when Colombian villagers learn to work together for the first time—and this new spirit of unity builds a health center. The Peace Corps works in 48 countries—not changing the world dramatically, but not leaving it the same, either. It's tough to get into the Peace Corps. But we'll be glad to check you out. Just write to: The Peace Corps, Washington, D.C., 20525.

PEACE CORPS

Peace Corps message to public plays down "glamour" aspect of Volunteers' life without belittling the real satisfactions to be derived from 2-year service overseas.

'Students Really Welcome Chance to Ask Questions'

(Continued from page 1)

want to hear the answers from Volunteers themselves.

Volunteers who write letters to their college newspapers or returned Volunteers who spend an hour in a campus question-and-answer session are more effective in helping the Peace Corps than all the articles by outsiders like reporters or visiting officials. Students—and other Americans—want to hear the Volunteer tell "what it was really like."

I don't mean, of course, that our questioners want to hear a line. I assume than once given the basic information about Peace Corps service (as I myself was given it when I applied in March, 1961), the questioner will have enough power of decision to make up his own mind about joining.

Some Volunteers have believed over the months that as the Peace Corps grew larger, the quality of the individual Volunteer would drop. This is not so, either. The Peace Corps Selection Division tells me that its standards are rising as experience indicates what personal characteristics make for effective Volunteers. In short, it is harder to get into the Peace Corps now than it was two years ago, and the monthly average of questionnaires received has nearly quadrupled in that time, from about 800 to more than 3100. This raising of standards means that recruiters must ever search out and present themselves to those who possess the best qualifications.

For my part, if I can provide an honest picture of Peace Corps service to potential Volunteers, fine. I am willing to answer those same 15 or 20 questions for 14 hours a day; I will continue to tell what I did and how I felt about my own service, and to discuss what I know of projects and Volunteers in other countries.

If the people who question me apply for the Peace Corps, I am delighted. If not, I understand that they know themselves well enough to know that the Peace Corps is not for them; at least it is not lack of information that has caused them to pass by.

Shriver Thanked

The people I talk to are really grateful for the opportunity to ask questions. One student at City University of New York recently wrote Sargent Shriver to thank him for sending a Peace Corps team to that campus. She added:

"They were absolutely great. No gimmicks, no contests, no pushing. They were wonderfully friendly people. They didn't seem to be out to push us into joining the Peace Corps, but rather to show us why we might be interested. Not only didn't they try to push us, but they refused sophomores and freshmen who wanted to take the test, and suggested that we wait a year or two.

"I don't think the student body was ever so impressed with anyone as they were with the Peace Corps team. Certainly never has a farewell party been given to a group after only a week at the school."

Those of us Volunteers who snickered or complained about Peace Corps publicity as unrealistic can help by telling what we know about. Any returned Volunteer who could give a day or two assisting a Peace Corps recruiting team at a campus is welcome to find out himself what it is all about. It is easy; you offer no lines, no gimmicks, no green stamps.

If you have a good product, the best advertising is just to tell the truth and let the product sell itself.

Senegal Trains Its Settlers

Two kilometers north of Noto, a village 90 minutes' drive northeast of Dakar, there is a turnoff from the blacktop to a driveway lined with trees—saplings little bigger than a man's thumb.

This is the entrance to the Chantier Ecole de Noto, one of the Senegalese government's three "project schools" designed to give village boys a farmer's knowledge of the building trades and a modern view of agricultural techniques. Two more such schools are planned.

At present 80 young men from the surrounding district are at Noto's Chantier Ecole, living in squad tents while their school is built. Half of them work in agricultural projects while the other half help to put up the permanent buildings, which will number 15.

The landscape is mostly palm and other desert trees; the soil, though sprouting green in the rainy season, is mostly sand; the principal ground cover is burrs.

The key here, as it is in any workable agronomy, is water. This region of Senegal is speckled with ponds. The government is convinced that with proper fertilization and proper irrigation the bush can be made to bloom. The students, called Pioneers, are at the Chantier to learn how.

During their 12 to 18 months at the Chantier Ecole, the Pioneers will study not only agricultural and building techniques but also Senegalese history, French, hygiene, and mechanics. The hope is that they will "homestead" in the district, using the knowledge they have acquired and a minimum of equipment from the government to build houses for themselves and to cultivate the land in something other than peanuts, the country's principal cash crop.

The Chantier Ecole is run by Senegalese men, but two Peace Corps Volunteers live and work there. Scott Judy (Clark, Mo.), who was a school teacher back home and had studied and worked at farming, teaches the use and repair of farm equipment.

Head of construction is Tom Zalla (Covington, Ky.). Tom had a year at Xavier University, and then afterward spent a year as a mason, a year as a carpenter, and a year as a farmer.

Using a Cinva-Ram, a hand-operated compression device which makes building blocks out of cement and low-grade aggregate, Zalla is at once building the Chantier Ecole's buildings and teaching the Pioneers techniques they will eventually use in building their own houses.

The school's buildings will comprise quarters for students and staff, storehouse, and mess hall. Though progress is slow because of delays in obtaining materials, Zalla hopes to complete the building by the rainy season, which starts about mid-July.

Torrential rains come with such abruptness that a person working outside can go from dry to sopping wet in 30 seconds, Zalla says. Rainfall of two inches an hour is common, and he has seen three.

"The amount of rainfall is hard on building jobs," he says, "but the water falls so fast that the ground can't absorb it, and the runoff drains into these ponds around here. Since they are going to be the basis for farm development, we have to call the rainfall a mixed blessing."

The Volunteers have their own tent, a 9 x 13-foot wall model equipped with range and refrigerator (both kerosene) for the meals that they do not take with their Senegalese colleagues. At night, the Volunteers' pressure lantern provides adequate light for their reading or study, but in a way, it too is a mixed blessing: the bugs attracted by it drive the Volunteers inside their mosquito nets.

"During the rainy season, the bugs flourish and so do the toads," Zalla says. "We have counted more than a hundred toads on the floor waiting for dead bugs to drop from the lantern."

Sign marks entrance to one of Senegal's farm-training camps for village youths. Below, Tom Zalla shows a visiting Volunteer, Berry Crawford (left), of Boise, Ida., how to build form for concrete curb atop a wall made of Cinva-Ram blocks.

Pioneers line up outside their tents before starting afternoon. Young men learn modern farming techniques and enough about building to erect their own houses.

Private garden of zinnias and marigolds grows in sand outside Volunteers' tent.

Keeping Busy in Honduras

Volunteers Carol (Kiel, Wis.) and Stew (Cincinnati, O.) Gregg both are social workers and 1961 graduates of George Williams College in Chicago. They are working at San Pedro Sula, Honduras.

By Carol and Stew Gregg

Last month, 34 more Volunteers landed in Honduras, the small Central American country where two dozen of us "old" Volunteers—social workers and nurses—have been serving for 14 months. In the interval between our arrival and theirs, we felt a small but evident change in the people we work with and, to honest, in ourselves, too.

And what a variety of work! We do a little of everything.

For example, yesterday in the Community Center where we work, we met with the staff and explained for the first time the concept of involving parents with their boys' problems.

In the afternoon, Stew and his boys' club saw a sports movie on track and field; it brought on actual competition by the boys in running and jumping events.

The other day, Carol and Blanca, her co-worker, talked about the community health-education project which they operate informally in the neighborhood.

Last night, Stew attended the weekly community meeting and suggested to the board that it might be able to build the recreation room it wants much more cheaply by using the Cinva-Ram block machine which CARE can lend.

The box-hockey game, the basketball backboard, table-tennis outfit, horseshoe pit, and volleyball court are other ideas which we have gradually introduced at the Center.

In the carpentry shop, Antonio is catching on to the idea of making models of interesting objects for the younger boys to see; he no longer expects them to be fine cabinet-makers right off.

Yesterday morning, Carol met with secretarial students to form a social club. Afterwards, she watched her small-boys' club play ball hockey with sawed-off broomsticks. Tonight, women in one of her clubs will discuss whether they want to cook, sew, or paint at the next meeting.

Recently, Carol finished translating 60 games into Spanish to provide another resource material for Honduran social workers.

This is the kind of busy life we two lead. Other Volunteers keep on the go, too.

For several weeks now Sally Rudd (Atlanta, Ga.) has been visiting the people of Chotepe, an outlying village, to acquaint herself with their problems and let them become acquainted with her. Now she is ready to ask them if they would like to learn to sew or read and write or put in a water system. Sally, a registered nurse, supervises an operating room during the day.

Rose Truax (Shadysville, O.) is busy from 6:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. with her school for practical nurses. It's a nine-month course including theory and practical training.

This morning, Brenda August (New Orleans) spent her time at the casework office assisting people with personal or family problems. She has until recently taught English and literacy courses at the prison. Brenda and her co-worker, Maria Teresa, labor in a community of tarpaper shacks, helping the people organize to build a CARE kitchen for feeding 125 children.

At nearby Progreso, we would probably find Betty Loftus (Independence, Mo.) busy with a TB inoculation program. Recently, she helped a Honduran friend go to the States to continue her education.

The Peace Corps has three statutory purposes. The first is to supply to interested countries and areas men and women to help them in meeting their need for trained manpower. Most of us here feel that our working and participating with Hondurans is fulfilling that purpose.

The second is to help promote a better understanding of the American people on the part of the people served. Our Honduran friends are coming around to the idea that not all gringos are rich. Almost all of our group is blond, though, and now many of our Honduran friends are convinced that all North Americans are blond.

The third purpose is to help promote a better understanding of other peoples on the part of the American people. We are no longer disturbed by the failure here of social programs successful in the U.S. Just because we and the Hondurans dress alike does not mean we think alike.

Do we have problems? Sure, but most of us learn to solve a few and live with the rest.

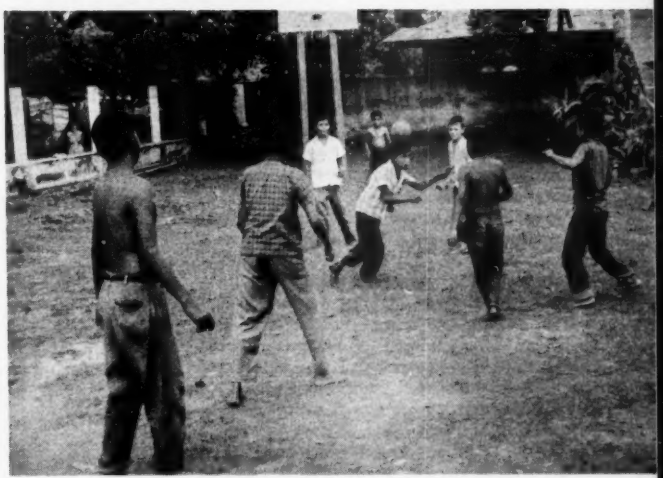
"Don Angel" looked after children's health on charts used by Greggs. Health program was financed by Rolla, Mo., High School via CARE.

Conducting a hygiene class as part of a community health-education project, Carol Gregg shows hair care to local women.

Boys' club organized by Stew Gregg meets daily to view educational films, as on this occasion, or to play new games.

The Greggs brought new games to community center at San Pedro Sula. Here, Stew shows boys the way to toss horseshoes.

Future cabinetmakers wield tools in carpentry shop at San Pedro Sula under guiding eye of Greggs' associate, Antonio.



The Greggs put up basketball standard, taught the game to local boys—but *futbol* (soccer) is still most popular sport.

Children await CARE food in kitchen like one Brenda August and co-worker promoted for 125 youngsters in shack village.

"The lion roared, and we swam, swam . . ." Carol Gregg tells tale of lion hunt to exhilarated children at community center.

From Thailand

A Trunked-Up Story

By Gerald Paul

Came a fine warm day in the Province of Surin and I, ostensibly an agriculture teacher at the Surin Vocational Agriculture School, was invited to accompany the physical-education teacher into town to pick up the mail.

Whilst engaged in this errand, we came upon a group of villagers around a large gray heap. We alighted from our bicycles, and upon closer scrutiny, found that the heap was an elephant lying on its back in the ditch.

As any Aggie knows, this position of a quadruped indicates imminent departure from this plane of existence. "Dead or not?" I inquired, desiring to add my bit to the general festivities.

"Not yet," replied a sturdy peasant posing as a soldier.

True enough; the distressed beast gargled most horribly every three minutes or so.

About this time I noticed the clustered gentlemen of the village eyeing me in a very odd way. It was not the usual stare reserved for those endowed by nature with white skins and big noses. Not at all. This stare had a pronounced note of expectancy in it. I resolved not to understand another word of Thai for at least an hour.

Alas, my defense was flanked as easily as the Maginot Line. "Can you cure him?" asked my treacherous companion in English. (Never trust a P.E. major.) Silence.

I searched my mind, but the only elephant information I could recall came from a text called *Bomba the Jungle Boy*, and the elephant obviously hadn't read it, or in this state we would have been deep in the jungle, in the centuries-old elephant graveyard known only to elephants, Bomba, and certain unprincipled ivory thieves.

I was desperate. How to save the situation? Consult the Peace Corps staff? Don Sullivan? "I doubt that this is in the Peace Corps image." John White? "But in Laos we used to. . . ." Bob Ford? "When you consider the socio-economic aspects of this situation. . . ." Athos, save me! "Peace Corps has not yet evolved a firm policy in this field." Gads, even Noel Kobayashi couldn't get out of this. Goodbye feature article in THE VOLUNTEER.

I drew myself up to my full five feet seven inches and spoke with desperate dignity: "My friends, I am an authority of sorts on sheep and goats. With proper drugs and equipment I can cure diseases in cattle, and I can draw swine back from the very grave. But if yon pachyderm had so much as a hangnail I would be powerless to help him."

With that I mounted my bicycle and rode into obscurity.

—From the Thailand Peace Corps Journal

Eager hands reach for medical-information pamphlets following a health lecture by Volunteer Dan Goldsmith (Chicago), a member of a Peace Corps health team working in the Yungas, a jungle district 60 miles northeast of La Paz, Bolivia. On the side of the team's Jeep, which is equipped for film and sound, is a notice of team's diphtheria-whooping cough-tetanus immunization program. Five hundred children completed the 3-month series of inoculations, never before available in the area.

Service is Source Of Pride, President Tells Volunteers

Last month President Johnson requested Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver to send the following message to all Volunteers:

"Over the past two and a half years I have watched with pride as the Peace Corps' effectiveness grew and as you and your predecessors earned respect, affection and understanding in the developing world.

"I know these days have been especially hard for those like you who are far away and separated from your countrymen. In one respect, however, you are very fortunate. Across the length of our nation people are asking 'What can I do?' You have already chosen to serve in an enterprise which was as close as any I know to President Kennedy's heart. Your continuing work in the cause of peace is a source of pride and an expression of America's confident hopes as we turn our attention to the tasks ahead."

Colombian Women Visit, Study in U.S.

The Puget Sound Peace Corps Service Organization played host to eight young Colombian women on a month-long holiday visit to Seattle engineered by a Volunteer teaching in Bogotá.

The eight women, all recent college graduates or students majoring in English, wanted to visit the U.S. to gain practice in English and to observe school systems here. Most of them plan to teach in Colombian schools.

Volunteer Susan Westlund of Seattle encouraged their visit and made arrangements for them to stay with families of the Puget Sound Peace Corps Service Organization. The organization, like some three dozen others in various sections of the U.S., is composed of Volunteers' families and friends and of other citizens interested in serving Peace Corps aims in their home communities.

The Colombian women paid their own expenses by means of a bank loan. They arrived in Miami by plane on Dec. 2 and then travelled cross-country by bus.

Painter Tours Ethiopia

Norman Rockwell, famed American illustrator whose paintings have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* for more than 40 years, has visited Ethiopia to see Volunteers at work.

He is there for *Look* to gather material for a painting on a Peace Corps scene. It is to be reproduced in the magazine during 1964.

Volunteers Give a Push To a Fashion

A Colombia Volunteer who worked with rural people to set up a marketing co-operative has been credited with helping to start a trend in American clothing fashions as well as reviving a native industry.

Ron Atwater (Los Angeles, Cal.), who recently finished Peace Corps service, worked in the community of Lenguazaque, 9600 feet up in the mountains some 50 miles north of Bogotá.

On his arrival there, Atwater found that, next to potatoes, Lenguazaque's most important product was *ruanas*—a poncho-like woollen rectangle, handwoven and handspun. Those worn by men have only a head-hole, but the women's model is slit down the front and is usually worn with the scarf-like ends tossed back over the shoulders.

Ruanas have been worn by Andes people for hundreds of years to ward off mountain cold and mist; in Lenguazaque, the temperature seldom rises above the 40s, and rain falls nearly every day.

The *campesinos* who wove *ruanas* led marginal lives from profits of the few they were able to sell on the streets in Bogotá, four hours away by train. When Atwater first proposed the idea of a marketing co-operative for the *ruana* weavers, he was rebuffed by suspicion and disbelief.

Nevertheless, Atwater went to Bogotá, visited a dye factory, obtained dye samples and learned how to dye wool. Back in Lenguazaque, he gave the dye to weavers and persuaded them to let him try to sell their best *ruanas* in Bogotá. They sold readily, and by offering souvenir shops a steady supply of quality garments, Atwater was able to return to the village with orders for more *ruanas*.

At first the weavers did not respond, believing still that they could not compete with companies which machine-produced *ruanas*.

But by the time several months had passed and the first orders were succeeded by others, the co-op idea won real support. Atwater had put aside $1 from the sale of each *ruana* to set up the co-op; technical information about co-operative organization was supplied by a United Nations adviser. Sixteen weavers at first joined the co-operative, with the hope that the remaining nine would eventually follow.

Business increased as more publicity was given the venture. The U.S. Information Service put out a handbill about the *ruana* co-op, and Atwater and another Volunteer who joined him in Lenguazaque, John Schaubel (Seabrook, Tex.), issued fliers advertising the co-op's *ruanas*. As a result, they soon had some 200 orders from stores in the U.S., from Cambridge, Mass., and Albany, N.Y., to Berkeley and Santa Barbara, Cal.

More recently, newspaper and magazine fashion editors have discovered *ruanas*, and a spate of articles has appeared, together with pictures of models wearing the brightly-colored garments over suits, dresses, skirts, and slacks. They are priced from about $17 to more than $40, depending on style, quality, and the seller.

Ruanas from South America are making a splash in American fashion scene. This one, modelled by former Volunteer Georgianna Shine, is black and turquoise.

Ruanas have been accepted more by women in the U.S., but the man's model is also offered—fringeless and larger than the woman's *ruana*.

Atwater extended his Peace Corps service three months but has now left Colombia and hopes to earn a master's degree in business administration in the U.S. so he can eventually return to South America. He and Schaubel were succeeded in Lenguazaque by two recently-arrived Volunteers, Phillip Giesen (Minneapolis) and Kenneth Cocke (La Jolla, Cal.), who continue to work with the co-op.

350 'Libraries' for Volunteer Teachers Set Up From Donated Filmstrips

Some 350 "libraries" containing a total of 12,500 filmstrips are being set up for distribution to Peace Corps teachers at work abroad.

More than 200 of the film libraries will go to Africa; the three other Peace Corps regions—Latin America, Near East-South Asia, and Far East—will receive about 50 each.

The filmstrip subjects are English, geography, biology, and Americana. The English library covers reading readiness, beginning grammar, the sentence, literary classics, and Shakespeare's theatre.

The geography library deals with "families around the world," Africa "the earth and its wonders," the seasons, weather, and climate.

The biology library films explain insects, plants, and animals and fish. The Americana library contains filmstrips on Alaska, on Hawaii, and on the states contained in each of six regions.

Donor of the filmstrips, worth about $75,000, was Encyclopaedia Britannica Films Inc., a producer of classroom films, filmstrips, and other teaching materials.

In accepting the filmstrips, Sargent Shriver said that the gift represented "a unique degree of co-operation between the Peace Corps and the American business community."

"In nearly every country where our Volunteers serve, there is a critical shortage of teaching aids," Shriver said. "Our task is to provide manpower to the developing nations, but we have no funds to give back-up support with teaching aids or other material goods. The gift by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films will extend substantially the effectiveness of our Volunteer teachers' work throughout the world."

A limited number of battery-operated filmstrip projectors will be shipped with the strips.

AFGHANISTAN

Volunteers Gain Acceptance in Kabul

Robert L. Steiner is Peace Corps Representative in Afghanistan. Born and reared in Iran, where his parents were American educational missionaries, he took his B.A. at Wooster College, Ohio, in 1942, and after World War II service as a Navy pilot, he earned a master's degree from Columbia University in international affairs. Steiner later went to Vermont and became a farmer, intending to use this new knowledge in agricultural work in the Middle East. He has been involved in student exchanges with the Middle East for many years.

By Robert L. Steiner

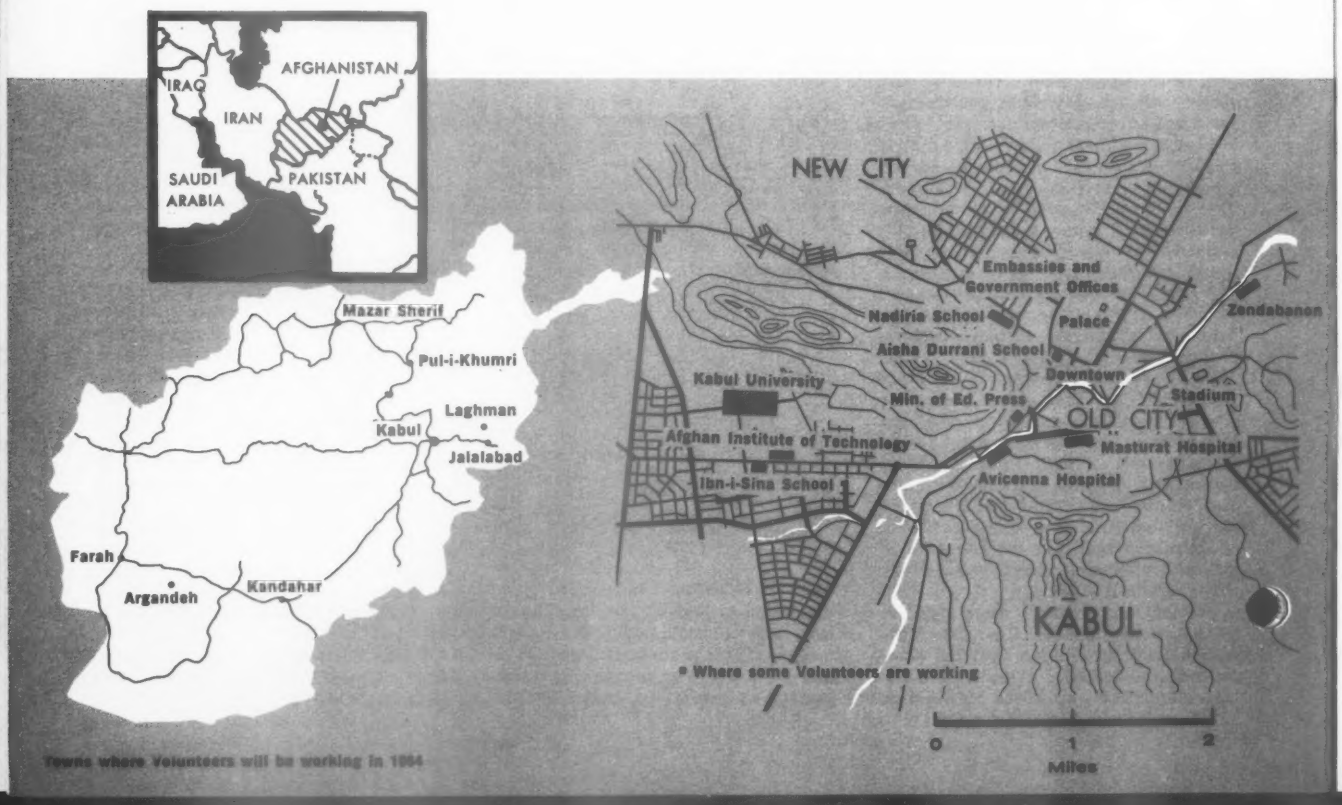
Since the mid-1700s, no foreign power has either controlled or occupied Afghanistan for any length of time. If there is anything unique about the Peace Corps in Afghanistan, it can be traced to that fact. Foreigners are considered to be guests—and are expected to conduct themselves as guests. The Peace Corps Volunteer, whatever the literature said, was no exception.

Our first efforts to find low-cost housing met with almost universal opposition from the Afghans. As hosts, why should they be expected to help us find anything but the best? The first group of nine Volunteers who arrived in September, 1962, although well prepared, found the courteous but distant reserve of the Afghans a far cry from the open-armed welcome which would have eased the way. Whether English teachers, nurses, or the lone mechanic, the Volunteers went about their tasks patiently waiting to be accepted, yet careful not to abuse their assigned—but unwanted—role as guests. And the Afghans watched and studied and kept their distance. But gradually, there was a change. Some observers think that the coolness continued until after the arrival last June of the printers, the physical-education teacher, and the additional English teachers of the second group of Volunteers to Afghanistan.

Material for this section on the Peace Corps in Afghanistan was compiled and organized by Volunteer Jon Wicklund (Minneapolis), an English teacher at Ibn-i-sina High School in Kabul. He holds a B.A. in humanities from the University of Minnesota.

Sensing that the time had come to accelerate the pace set by the first group, the new Volunteers, after about three months of settling-in, have appealed to the Afghan's desire to learn more about cameras and art, social institutions, and informal, conversational English by accepting invitations to join groups meeting in the schools, the printing plant, or the Khyber Restaurant, a popular meeting place. Additionally, there is an increasing demand from the Afghans to hear Volunteer musicians perform; there are singers, guitar, and violin players in both groups.

Are the Volunteers in Afghanistan still treated only as foreign guests? We're not sure. We do know that the 35 here now are soon to be joined by 35 more (English teachers, secretaries, telephone operators, postal clerks, statisticians, accountants, and warehouse managers). But an important indication is the Afghan government's recent decision to permit some of the Volunteers to serve for the first time outside the capital city of Kabul. The lines separating the hosts from the Volunteer guests are being obscured.



About the Country

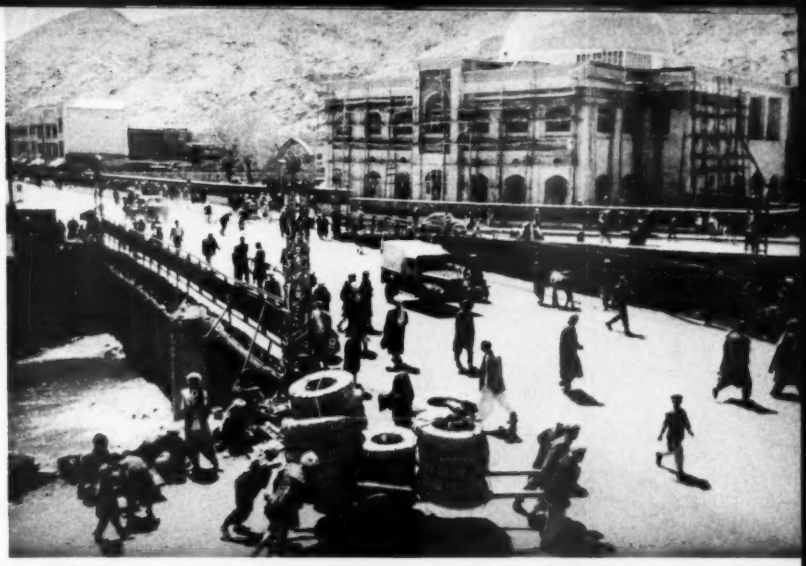
The completely landlocked Kingdom of Afghanistan is bounded by the Soviet Union, Iran, China, and lands of the Indian subcontinent. The country has an area of 250,966 square miles (about the size of Texas) and a population estimated at 13.8 million (almost double that of Texas), of whom about 60 per cent are Pashtuns, 30 per cent Tajiks, and the rest Uzbeks and Hazaras. Kabul, with a population of about 400,000, is the capital. Rising above it is the Hindu Kush, a chain of mountains 14-16,000 feet high and reaching higher than 25,000 as the chain approaches the western Himalayas.

Some 100 miles southeast of Kabul is the historic Khyber Pass, connecting Afghanistan with West Pakistan. The pass, an important military point from the days of Alexander the Great to those of Kipling, is 33 miles long and only 10 feet wide at its narrowest point.

The official language of Afghanistan is Pushto, although the most widely used tongue is Farsi (Persian). Except for a few Hindu or Jewish people, all Afghans are Muslim. Main exports of the country are Karakul lambskins, dried fruits, and carpets; leading imports are machinery and consumer goods.

The area that is now Afghanistan became part of the Persian Empire in the 500s B.C., and was seized by Alexander the Great about 330 B.C. Tribes from Central Asia conquered it in the 100s B.C., and for the next 1300 years the region was ruled variously by Persians, Indians, Parthians, Hindus, Arabs, and Turks. After the hordes of Genghis Khan swept over the area about 1220, Mongol leaders ruled Afghanistan until the 1700s. The Persians conquered Afghanistan again in 1727, but a successful revolt in 1747 by the Afghans gave them control over their land.

In the 19th century Britain, seeking to protect India from Russian encroachment, twice invaded Afghanistan, forcing it in 1880 to surrender control of its foreign relations. Britain returned control of foreign affairs to the Afghan government in 1921, and the country's first constitution went into effect in 1923. Afghanistan was neutral in World War II, and became a member of the United Nations in 1946.



Poli Hesti Mosque, undergoing remodelling, overlooks Kabul River in the center of Kabul, Afghanistan's capital. Car traffic is light; goods move on animals or carts.

To market, to market goes a calf borne by an Afghan farmer. This man had walked several days from his home and still had a day to go to destination.

A picnic at park near Kabul brings out (from right) Representative Robert Steiner, Mrs. Steiner, and Volunteers Robert Pearson, Frank Brechin, David Fleishhacker.

A Teacher in Kabul

Volunteer Pat Higgins Weeks (York, Neb.) came to the Peace Corps after two years as a child-welfare caseworker in Portland, Ore. In 1959 she received a B.A. in psychology-sociology from Tarkio (Mo.) College, where she was also editor of the college newspaper. In Afghanistan she has been teaching at Aisha-Durrani, a junior high school for girls in Kabul. She was married last Dec. 2 to Volunteer Philip Weeks (Newport, N.C.), a printer working with the Afghan Ministry of Education Press.

By Pat Higgins Weeks

In June, 1963, I was one of 18 new Peace Corps Volunteers receiving teaching assignments in Kabul. Nervously, we reviewed some of the principles of English teaching learned during training at Georgetown University in Washington, D. C. We were uneasy: along with most of my colleagues, I had never taught before. Teaching was a far cry from social work.

We were assigned to a variety of schools. Most of us were placed in girls' and boys' schools, teaching from grades 7 through 12. Four Volunteers were assigned to the University of Kabul, one to the Afghan Institute of Technology, and three to boarding schools here for boys who come from the provinces.

The school year begins in March and ends in December. Primary emphasis is placed upon grades. This leads to one of our major problems in teaching: it is hard to determine how much English a student knows. Whether the students are reciting orally or in taking tests, their altruism comes to the fore. They help each other, using clever and skilled methods.

Jill Rindelaub (Mankato, Minn.) was determined to cope with this problem. During one testing period, she tried to forestall any possibility of cheating. She placed white sheets of paper over the desks so her students couldn't write on the wood. She made three sets of tests and seated the students alternately. She looked to see that their scarves were tucked firmly under their chins so they couldn't whisper behind them. She checked for writing on their hands. She tried to anticipate every possible stratagem.

Certain that she had finally thought of everything, she began the tests. The period proceeded much more smoothly than usual. Flushed with victory, she gathered up the papers at the end of the period. She turned around to see the captain of the class performing her routine duty of erasing the board. Jill suddenly realized she had forgotten to remove the previous day's review from the board. In her own legible writing were most of the answers to the test, clearly visible to every class member.

We found teaching in Kabul to be a completely new experience. Approaching our assignments with a mixture of trepidation and excitement, we envisioned classes responding eagerly to our stimulating presentation of the English language. We dreamed of holding seminars as students brought forth their ideas in flawless English, learned in our classrooms. Perhaps we could even assign them some Shakespearean plays.

The rude awakening came quickly. Week after week we toiled over the rudiments with few apparent results. We tried not to be discouraged with those who would never learn English, and grateful with the small minority who occasionally were able to assemble a sentence correctly. We had to curb our impatience with the necessity of starting from scratch with the advance students.

Rote learning has been the standard technique of education in Afghan schools. Most of the students have a great fear of attempting anything beyond the rigid structure of the textbook. Progress was often imperceptible. But occasionally, a student would catch a spark and amaze me with her progress. Sometimes, after a disheartening period of standstill on a fruitless plateau, they would suddenly begin understanding and using the concepts with gratifying results.

Same Problems World Over

We learned that all over the world teaching has many of the same problems: discipline, administrative frustrations, scheduling difficulties, student motivation, and boredom. The redeeming factor in many cases was the students themselves. Never had I met such a group of appealing youngsters.

I was assigned to teach eighth-graders in a girls' school. The girls all dressed identically in black skirts, black blouses, black stockings, and white scarves. Some were strikingly beautiful with their raven-black hair, delicate features, and sparkling brown eyes. Their vitality, impishness, and warm friendliness won me over completely. I enjoyed being with them in the classroom or chatting in the school yard. Sometimes they would sing a song to please me, or bring me a little gift. Two girls once earned teacher's beaming thanks when they memorized two pages of English dialogue to recite during a recess.

As in all jobs, there are ups and downs. At one point I was feeling rather smug because the entire week had seemed successful. The students were studying with a new intensity. Some of the oft-repeated rules seemed, at last, to be sinking in. Oral sessions were progressing quite smoothly. The girls didn't seem to be relying so much on constant repetition but were timidly branching out into some creative thinking. Congratulating myself on my effective teaching methods, I began a review question-and-answer period.

"Is this a book?"

"No, she doesn't!" was the unison cry.

"Please turn back to the beginning of the book, Lesson One," I said wearily. We began anew.

In karakul hat, Volunteer David Fleishhacker (San Francisco) discusses matters with some students at Nadiria School, where he taught English. Fleece of which hats are made is a principal Afghan export.

During break from classes, students sun and stroll in playground of Zargooneh Girls' School, where Volunteers Rosalind Pearson, Jill Rindelaub, and Janet Mueller taught.

Volunteer Jill Rindelaub (Mankato, Minn.) assists a student with written exercise during English class. White scarf is uniformly worn by the girl students in Afghanistan's schools.

An 'Inconspicuous Approach'

John Borel, 25, of Arcata, Cal., received a B.A. in journalism from the University of California in 1960. Before joining the Peace Corps, he worked as the editor of a weekly newspaper in Arcata. He is six feet two inches tall and weighs 200 pounds.

By John Borel

Among the goals I set for myself in Afghanistan was to go about my work efficiently and effectively . . . but inconspicuously.

Let's not blunder about and expose the shortcomings with the attributes, said I. To do the job conservatively would be the key to my success.

And with that in mind I went to work.

For instance, there are the Afghan English teachers who work beside me at Habibia College, a boys' secondary school with 2500 students.

We meet in the English Dept. office during class breaks. I'm so inconspicuous that sometimes they don't even notice me. This, I realize, must have its demerits, but it perturbs me not in the least.

As far as my students are concerned, too, I'm just another teacher. This status, of course, lets me in for the same pranks as other teachers. Each day, a little color comes my way, especially from one eighth-grader.

The other day, Sho-aib presented me with a limbless clay frog as I walked into the room. This brought down the house in hilarity.

Good enough. Get a good laugh at the beginning and work hard the rest of the period. To myself I thanked Sho-aib.

Another day found me hunting down a portable radio in class.

On yet another day, Sho-aib held up a police whistle and asked the word for it in English. Then he gave the thing a resounding toot. The classroom reverberated gayly. I could rationalize that *he* was being conspicuous, not I. So I didn't mind.

But these examples, you are thinking, don't prove much. Just a story. I could still be conspicuous, followed everywhere by mirthful eyes. Well, that may be; I don't know.

There was the time at Afghanistan's Independence Celebration. As is my wont, I stood in the midst of a wild, uncontrollable mob of several thousands who had come to see a parade.

I could have walked through a barrier to join an exclusive gallery of foreigners and favored Afghans. But I didn't. I stood it out with the throng. At that time, I did not know about the exclusive area because I couldn't see it. Nonetheless, my heart was in the right place.

Working my way to the front, I set myself for the parade. But no sooner had I consolidated my position than the militia started bruising back the crowd with their belts. Simultaneously, a group of horsemen behind us began an agitation. The crowd retaliated by pushing out in all directions.

No favoritism for me. I had to dodge with the best of Afghans, to whom this was all a big game. Finally, I retreated and went home, all in one piece and still a figure of equanimity.

The exquisite climax of my "inconspicuous approach" came a few days ago when a car struck a roommate and me late at night as we bicycled home from a dinner engagement.

Not only did the undaunted driver continue on his way as he would have for any other citizen, but two policemen who watched the action from a distance did nothing whatever to interfere with us or the driver. My roommate and I just picked up our bikes and limped home.

These chronicled events must be evidence enough that my policy has been an overwhelming success.

Nevertheless, you may understand that it was with some pleasure on Teacher's Holiday that I accepted a garland of flowers from my school principal and the applause of assembled teachers.

Nothing unique, really. But I was noticed at last.

Smiles and gurgles mark scene in Masturat Hospital when Dorothy Luketich (left) of Arlington, Va., gets together with young charges. Besides obstetrical work, training of students takes much of her time.

The Amoebas Are Lovely

Dorothy Luketich graduated from Michael Reese Hospital School of Nursing, Chicago, in 1947, and thereafter worked in several American hospitals. In January, 1957, she became head nurse of an obstetrical unit at George Washington University Hospital in Washington, D. C. In Kabul, she has been working on the obstetrical-gynecological unit at Masturat Hospital.

By Dorothy Luketich

Being a Peace Corps nurse at Masturat Hospital here in Kabul is not the easiest nursing job available, but it may be the most interesting. Here we see many diseases and conditions rarely found in the U.S. In fact, one medical technician says that Kabul has the most beautiful amoebas in the world.

We also have some of the most fascinating patients. The Kuchis, for example, are Afghan nomads who wander through the mountains seeking eternal summer. Some of them, often in critical condition, travel for days on foot or by donkey or camel to reach medical facilities here in Kabul. They are a rugged people with an amazing capacity for fighting illness.

The women dress in bright-colored, embroidered costumes, their long, dark hair braided into hundreds of tiny pigtails, and their faces tattooed with tribal marks. Their coming into the hospital at all is a great step in local medical progress. A few years ago most women would not consider being examined by a male doctor, and as women doctors were few, not many Afghan women ever had medical attention of any kind.

One of the problems in caring for the Kuchis is that they usually only speak Pushto, whereas we Volunteers speak Persian. Sometimes, before you can stop him, a patient gives you a long story, and you can't understand a word of it. Fortunately, some other patient generally can translate.

We have had many minor frustrations, but after a while we adjusted to working with a minimum of equipment, and hardly missing the fancy gadgets and sterile brightness of the hospitals at home. Nowadays, when we get something that we always used to take for granted—such as towels and soap—we feel as though it's Christmas.

Afghan nurses are delightful to work with. They love to joke and delight in teasing me about the names the patients call me. Loosely translated, the names come out as "Madame Sir," "Miss America," and "Foreign Lady."

It's a gratifying type of nursing: walking into a ward full of patients who respond with genuine delight to your presence; having an Afghan nurse do—without being reminded—something you taught her; and seeing a mother carry out of the hospital a healthy premature baby after losing three earlier.

These are a few of the things that can cheer us up and give us a feeling of progress when our morale is low.

Office Aide Must Know Her Posies

Roberta Auburn, Peace Corps secretary in Afghanistan, has been working at her job for a year. She is the wife of an employee of the U.S. Agency for International Development. Before going to Kabul, she lived for four years in Turkey and, before that, seven years in Taiwan.

By Roberta Auburn

As Peace Corps secretary in Afghanistan, I am the principal administrative helper to the Peace Corps Representative. But that is only the beginning: I also minister to the many and varied wants of 35 Volunteers, all of them in Kabul, the capital.

A morning's barrage of questions may sound something like this:

"Has the mail come?"

"Where are the candles you promised for my physical-education project?"

"Where's my passport? I know I gave it to you."

"When is the mail due?"

"Where can I buy a tambourine?"

"The plumber wants his money."

"How do you spell 'Srinagar'?"

"Where's the mail?"

"How much did we pay for the last curtain fabric, and how many meters do we need for a room?"

"Is my leave money at the embassy?"

"I've just arrived from Tehran [the questioner will look as though he has walked all the way]; where can I stay—cheaply?"

"May I borrow a bicycle?"

"Where can I get an American flag?"

"Is there any mail?"

Program Then Smallest

I began work a little over a year ago in the then smallest Peace Corps program in the world. I was employed half time to do routine stenographic work connected with the Volunteers—all nine of them. I worked in a spare room at the rear of the American Embassy; two buildings separated me from the office of my boss. Until a few months ago, when we moved into our present quarters, we seldom saw each other.

As we anticipated the arrival last June of the second group of Volunteers—26 of them—my job took on a Jill-of-all-trades aspect. Accompanied by an able Afghan assistant, I combed the markets of Kabul, commonly and collectively referred to as "the bazaar." Furniture design, tailoring, and carpentry became our specialties, low-cost equipment our forte. We learned that the unseasoned wood

used by most cabinetmakers soon cracks, that Afghanistan's beautiful carpets are priced far beyond our resources, that most dishes are imported from the Soviet Union, that the brilliant blue pottery of the nearby village of Istalif is colored by pure, powdered turquoise mined in the area, that the cotton cloth manufactured locally is varied, serviceable, and abundant.

I have had to solve some problems of communication. I have acquired little Persian, the most widely used language of Afghanistan (Pushto is considered the official language), but I have acquired the knack of demonstration. Modern detergents, cleaning powders, and bleaches are all available in the bazaar, but these household aids are unfamiliar to many Afghans. The bleach particularly delighted the turbaned *baccha* (literally, *boy*) we employed to clean our new quarters. At first he and I could not understand each other, but I told him what I wanted him to do—in sign language—and we got along fine.

With 35 Volunteers in Kabul, my "secretarial" duties multiplied. I now worked full time. Those Volunteers in need may receive limited first-aid treatment, small loans, message service, help with visas, and possibly a dash of personal advice. Visitors who occupy our office guest room may be served breakfast.

"I suppose you're a florist, too?" an unsuspecting acquaintance inquired facetiously. "No," I said, "but I did have one experience with flowers, though."

During Jeshyn, Afghanistan's big national holiday, celebrating independence, the Peace Corps basketball team played a team from the University of Kabul. Local custom dictates that members of the two teams exchange flowers before the game. We wanted to observe protocol, and arranging the matter fell to me. Cut flowers are plentiful in Kabul during the summer, so getting them was no problem. But getting our players to carry them was.

"You're kidding!" they said. "What are they really for?"

I'm sure no one believed my story that tradition required flowers until the players and the bouquets met on the court.

Peddling chickens doesn't require much skill, but it is another field in which I now have had some experience.

We had heard about some choice broilers an enterprising young Afghan was raising, and we arranged for him to sell them to the Volunteers. The Volunteers responded with their customary enthusiasm, and on delivery day, much of our floor space was devoted to weighing, wrapping, and selling chickens—at 30 afghanis (about 60¢) per pound.

At the close of the day, we were sold out; merchant and customers were equally satisfied. So was I until asked: "Are there any other businesses you'd like to get into?"

Keeping cars rolling is the aim of Volunteer Frank Brechin (Grand Rapids, Mich.), working foreman of a 20-man crew in the service department of Zendabanon, one of the largest vehicle shops in Asia. Its 750 employees do repair work and servicing for private cars as well as for 300 Soviet and American busses making up Kabul's transport fleet. Frank first worked at building busses on Zendabanon's bus-assembly line, but for the past year he has been in the service shop, trying to standardize and improve procedures there. Frank has a degree in industrial management from Western Michigan University but has put in a lot of time as a mechanic, including 17 months during his military service.

The Bride Stayed Home

Paul Gardner of Oakland, Cal., received a B.A. in sociology from San Francisco State College in 1962. Last year he taught at Neue Kabul, a boys' junior high school outside Kabul. Next year, he will be teaching in Farah, a city in southern Afghanistan.

By Paul Gardner

It was about one in the afternoon. The fall air was chilly, and the woods were tinted with color. As I was making ready for the four-mile trip back to Kabul, one of my ninth-grade English students hurried up to me from the village schoolhouse. He told me there was to be a wedding that night, and I was invited. All the other teachers who were going were to meet at the schoolhouse at 3 p.m. and, along with a guide, journey eight or nine miles to the scene of the wedding in another village.

Two hours later, equipped with camera and overcoat, I was ready for both my colleagues and the guide. Seasoned by previous engagements of this sort, I knew that I had not been left behind. I was right; 90 minutes later everyone turned up, and we set out on our bicycles over a trail through the picturesque Kabul Valley. By this time the sun was nearly down, and reflections of purple, red, and black lined the towering rims of the canyon. Beside us ran the Kabul River; extending from it were multitudes of neatly formed *juies* (canals) irrigating the year's final crop of this narrow but fertile valley.

When we reached Lallandar, our destination, darkness had fallen. I could barely see the outline of a maze of walls surrounding mulberry orchards and the main buildings. From far off came the sound of drums and flutes. I was told that the procession led by dancing drummers had just begun, but we would not be able to watch at that time since they were going to the bride's family compound, reserved for women.

Once inside the village walls, our hosts—the father and brothers of one of my students—met us and ushered us to a room on the upper floor of the bridegroom's family dwelling. Below us in the open area of the compound were at least 500 men and boys gathered around an Afghan orchestra composed of a singer, two tambor players, an accordionist, and a drummer. For two hours we sat on quilted mats and talked quietly while listening to the music. Periodically, a boy came to the room and offered us

a *challow* (water pipe) and *nasswa* (chewing tobacco).

Around 9, in came three of my students, all residents of Lallandar. One carried a bundle of white sheets, and the others armfuls of Afghan bread. They placed the sheets on the floor in front of us and put a piece of bread, each the size of a large pizza, in front of each guest. Soon the boys returned bearing platters heaped with *pallow* (rice doused with oil and mixed with cubed meat and potatoes). Around each platter four of us sat cross-legged, eating with our fingers, Afghan-fashion, and sipping black tea. The platters were replenished twice before we were full and ready to join in the festivities outside.

In the open compound, we were seated prominently on cushions bordering a 20 x 20-foot blanket-covered square. Moments later, a man dressed as a woman walked into the arena. He wore a long, thin blue veil, a black sweater, and a full red skirt over his baggy white pants. His feet were bare, and about his ankles were dozens of small bells. On his wrists and arms were gold and silver bracelets. His cheeks and lips were heavily painted with rouge, and all over his face were pasted tiny pieces of red, blue, green, and white foil. In time, four other dancers, all dressed like the first, joined in and performed together in the square. Each danced his own routine, but all followed the rhythm of the music with bells, hips, arms, and heads. It was as if five cobras had been hypnotized in the atmosphere created by the musicians.

All but one of the dancers were village amateurs. The professional, the second to enter the dance area and the last to leave, was hired for the three-day event at the equivalent of $10 plus tips. He was very graceful—perhaps good enough to impersonate the most graceful dancers of Bali or Siam.

Enter Dancing Drummers

The beginning of the wedding ceremony was signified by the entrance of the dancing drummers. These men, each carrying drums the size of rain barrels, skipped, twisted, and twirled their way into the middle of the compound. With sticks they beat out four and five interwoven rhythms at a time. The men were turbaned and dressed in knee-length white shirts and baggy white pants; all wore red sashes.

After they had danced for a half-hour or so, the father of the groom joined them. Above his head he carried a large platter heaped with candy, cookies, and colored paper. At this time bags of candy were passed out to all guests sitting near the dance square. The bridegroom, dressed in white and carrying an umbrella made of colored strips of crepe paper, then joined his father. He was smiling broadly, and as he danced, he shook hands and exchanged greetings with nearby friends. Men began dumping candy on his turban, and he would pick the sweets off by the handful and throw them into the crowd. All those present with firearms began discharging them into the air as people laughed and cheered.

Within 10 minutes several plump pillows and a beautiful rug were placed in the center of the square. An elderly man, perhaps a mullah—a holy teacher—sat down with the bridegroom and his father for several minutes. When they stood up, it was obvious that the marriage had been completed. At once the female impersonators re-entered the square, guns went off, and candy and cookies flew through the air.

As I rose to go to my sleeping quarters for the night, I noticed that all along the high walls of the compound and on top of the surrounding buildings, women and girls, all veiled, peered down at all the merriment. How strange it seemed to me that the bride was not present for her own wedding.

Thoroughly exhausted by this time, I soon fell asleep to the music of the Afghan orchestra while my colleagues prayed together in silence.

Carrying bouquets, Kabul University and Peace Corps teams pose before basketball game during Jeshyn, Afghanistan's independence celebration. Volunteers (wearing piped jerseys) are, in back row: Donald Hill, David Deeds, John Borel, and Peter Fitzpatrick; in front row: Jack White, Robert Pearson, and Herbert Tobias, regular Kabul U. coach. Corps won, 62-48.

Volunteer Richard David gives instruction to Afghan printers at the printing plant of the Ministry of Education. Here, he and two colleagues work on an offset press. The ministry, at its plant in Kabul, prints books for Afghan schools.

Printers Make Progress

Volunteers Richard David (Syracuse, N.Y.) and Marshall French (Silver Spring, Md.) are both printers assigned to the Afghan Ministry of Education Press. David is a graphic-arts graduate of Smith Technical and Industrial High School in Syracuse. He went to Belgium in 1957 as an American Field Service exchange student. He has worked as a typesetter and pressman. French attended Indiana University at Bloomington, Ind., then served for 18 months with the U.S. Army in France as a medical supply clerk. On return, he worked for five years as a printer-compositor for a Washington, D. C., publishing company.

By Richard David and Marshall French

As we bicycle through the streets of Kabul to work, we can see the mountainous terrain which has contributed to the isolation of Afghanistan for so many years. Afghan people have the traditional independence of mountain inhabitants the world over, and cling to their ancient way of life.

This independence is especially reflected where we work, the Ministry of Education Press. There are six Volunteer printers working here to help improve the quality and number of textbooks produced. The Press publishes books in Persian, Pushto, and English. Afghanistan is a bilingual country, with English taught as a third language. While Afghanistan lacks skilled technicians in many fields of modern printing, it has craftsmen in hand-bookbinding whose skills would be hard to find in America. Their patience and craftsmanship are a pleasure to observe.

At first, we Volunteers encountered suspicion; there was a definite lack of purpose at the Press. Most of the workers have little formal education, and do not feel the importance of their jobs. We hope we can instill a sense of pride and a feeling of responsibility among the workers, along with technical knowledge. At first, many of our ideas and methods were politely refused or forgotten, but gradually we have seen a few slight signs of progress. Now, more ideas are taking root in the plant. None of us was really accepted until our colleagues realized that the knowledge we had could be put to use for Afghan benefit.

We have the same hours as our Afghan co-workers, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Each Volunteer is in a separate department and we try to demonstrate co-ordination between departments. In the past, each department has worked independently and the lack of over-all co-ordination is critical. If we can get each department to consider the others' problems, it will be a step forward. Until then the work load will continue in erratic cycles.

One of our more serious problems is the delay in getting supplies. After a requisition is initiated by a department foreman, it requires many official signatures. The order of signing is rigid, and if someone is sick or absent, the requisition form stops until he returns. These delays are a hindrance to production, for a press can't run without ink, and adequate reserves of supplies are not kept in individual departments. After about three weeks, a requisition is approved, and presented to the storekeeper. Three witnesses are rounded up to witness the opening of the door. Following the removal of supplies, the three guardians sign a slip of paper, which is pasted around the padlock.

We have been working at the Press for more than six months now, and can see some progress in both technical skill and mental attitude of our Afghan co-workers. We all hope it will continue at the same pace.

Volunteer David Deeds (center) is another of six Volunteers working at Ministry of Education Press. Here, he watches as compositors make corrections in type. The ministry's printing plant publishes books in Pushto, Persian, and English.

Shopping for water containers, Volunteer Rosalind Pearson strolls through "tin bazaar"—that commercial area where sheet-metal goods is produced and sold. With her is Naim, driver and messenger for the Peace Corps Representative.

Smiling over a purchase after a tour of bazaar is Volunteer Janet Mueller of Kearney, Neb. Janet, an English-language instructor, will teach in city of Kandahar during coming year.

Rosalind Pearson draws crowd as she visits furniture-maker to check up on several pieces she had ordered from him. Most Kabul craftsmen work in the front of their shops, which are open to street.

Seed merchant displays his wares in peanut-butter or shoe-polish jars or whatever he can find. Here, Mrs. Pearson discusses with seedsmen her needs for plants to cultivate.

Volunteers Rindelaub (left), Mueller, and Pearson draw a crowd as they try on skull caps at shop in bazaar. Such caps are used by Afghan men as base for winding turban on head.

Books, Buzkashi, and a Shanzdah Piece

The following material was prepared by a number of Volunteer authors. They describe street scenes, reactions to Kabul, reflections on life.

A German, whose home I visited when I first came to Kabul, had an enormous library. But with the exception of *The Scarlet Letter*, his collection was devoid of American literature. When I mentioned this omission, he told me that he didn't enjoy our writing because most of the good writers discussed only what made the American an American, and not a man.

Keeping this comment in mind, I began teaching a literature class at the Afghan Institute of Technology. I looked forward to the reactions of a group of exceptionally bright students to a book of American short stories.

The first one was "The Tell-Tale Heart." My students had mixed reactions. Although they seemed fascinated by the method in which the corpse was disposed of, the brighter students only asked at the end of the class, "But why, teacher?"

The next two stories, "The Gift of the Magi" and "The Great Stone Face," went over better. Both were staffed with basically good, kind people—an important factor, it seemed, to each member of the class.

The last story, Jack London's "To Build a Fire," caused a general ferment among the group. Although I finally convinced them that the temperature in parts of Alaska did fall to 50 below, they couldn't accept London's premise that the dog was smarter than the man. Even the fact that the man froze to death while the dog ran back to warmth and safety of the camp didn't help. An Afghan would have had to write the story differently.

I told an Afghan teacher about the class's comments and, in the ensuing conversation, asked him if he had read any American novels. He said that he had read a few but that the only American writer whom he liked or thought he understood was Hemingway. When I asked him why, he replied that Hemingway's characters know how to live and, what was even more important, how to die.

□ □ □

One day as I was loading up my bicycle with groceries after shopping, a little boy shuffled up to me in his bare feet and said, *"Paysae, paysae* (money, money)." I gave him a stock answer: "I don't have any money." He looked at me a minute. "Don't you have even a *shanzdah* piece?" he said, mentioning the smallest Afghan coin. No, I said. So he rummaged around in his pockets, came up with a grimy *shanzdah* piece, and proferred it to me, saying, "Then I'll give you some money."

□ □ □

Buzkashi is the national sport of Afghanistan, yet few Afghans have even seen it. It is generally played in the northern provinces and comes to Kabul only once a year, on the king's birthday.

The game is played by two teams on a field 500 meters long by 400 meters wide. Each team has 15 horsemen. Each team tries to pick up the "buz," a 150-pound beheaded calf, and move it to its scoring circles.

In ancient times, the game was played by as many as a thousand men and occasionally ended in deaths among both players and spectators. Rules and safety regulations have changed the game drastically since then. Trenches, to stop the charging horses, have been built between the field and spectators, and the game has been modified to demonstrate the endurance and the horsemanship of the players.

The location of the field is almost as spectacular as the game

Student wearing the customary white scarf joins in singing an American folk song provided by Volunteer Janet Mueller, the neck of whose guitar can be seen in the foreground of the photograph.

Samey Noor, Afghan assistant to the Peace Corps Representative and himself a teacher, looks down on the city from Koh-i-Sher Darzawa, one of main hills.

Volunteer Rosalind Pearson has for some time given private English lessons to a friend named Zaher, who runs a dry-goods shop.

Volunteer Janet Mueller and another Volunteer opened a library at the school in Kabul at which they taught. Here Janet checks out a book for a borrowing student.

Age-old methods of ripping planks requires A-frame brace, a long saw, and lots of muscle power. Sawyers, in street "shop," have doffed outer garments for job.

itself. It is played on a plateau overlooking the city. Rising from the field abruptly is an enormous, barren hill which forms a natural grandstand. Into it crowds what seems like the whole population of Kabul, 400,000 persons.

When the game finishes at dusk, and the king's party leaves, the hill clears; for miles, all you can see are thousands of moving black shadows set against the purple mountains as they move slowly into the city below.

□ □ □

A year ago, when the fall winds were beginning to bring mountain snows to Kabul, I first went into the corner shop to buy a pair of warm stockings.

"Please," the boy said to me in Persian, "I want to learn English."

It began with "This is a book," and as the winter snows turned to rain and the rain to clear spring streams, we talked and we read. We talked about the hardships of military school, about the evils of money, about selling his store, about the traumas of having and losing a sweetheart, and about America.

And the other day, when once again fall winds were blowing down the streets of Kabul, he said, "This book is a good friend to me. When I speak to it, it speaks to me. But when I don't speak to it, it is quiet. And you are a good friend, too, because you make the book speak to me."

□ □ □

My husband and I went to see two other Peace Corps Volunteers one day. They live in a second-floor apartment over a crowded street in the bazaar. Because of a huge dog which lives in the same building, we are in the habit of yelling up to our friends from the street instead of going inside.

While I was in the store below the apartment, I heard the following conversation, in Persian, which was shouted between my husband and Ata, the boy who works for our friends. The rest of the crowded street had also turned to listen.

"Are Dave and Frank there?"
"No, *sayb*. How are you?"
"Fine, thank you. How are you?"
"Fine, thank you."
"Where are Dave and Frank?"
"I don't know. Where is *xanom sayb* (your wife)?"
"She is in the store selling herself."

At that, the shopkeeper doubled up in laughter. I looked out the window and saw everybody in the street laughing. My husband, who had meant to say, "She is in the store buying something," only then suddenly suffered the shock of his mistake.

. . . And Where Royalty Walks the Streets

The brush glided through my hair,
Soft and silver-white—symbol of being a grandmother.

Relaxed, I smiled and watched
Two ladies enter, greet and kiss my hairdresser,
Then sit down.

One was young and dark
And spoke her language . . . so it echoed
All the glory of her ancient Aryana.

She spoke of my hair, its beauty, its color,
And I replied
That some day her hair, too, would become silver-white
like mine.

She laughed and her friend laughed with her.
They talked again, and then the hairdresser told me,
"This is the king's daughter, and this her sister."

Looking like an American Indian pueblo, adobe houses step up steep hill in downtown Kabul, the site of future park. In the street, a woodseller bends under load of twigs.

Tea peddler works with portable equipment: a samovar for boiling water, a teapot, and a cup. This man sells at Paghman, former royal garden now open to public, near Kabul.

Career Opportunities for Returning Volunteers

Following is a selection of opportunities recently received by the Peace Corps Volunteer Career Information Service. Several educational institutions have renewed their offers for 1964-65.

Volunteers returning in 1964 receive listings of all available career opportunities. Volunteers interested in undergraduate, graduate, or overseas education may want a special report summarizing application procedures, admission requirements, programs of study, financial aid, and other information. For a copy write Peace Corps Volunteer Career Information Service, 700 Jackson Pl., Washington, D. C. 20006.

Scholarships and Fellowships

University of Chicago School of Social Service Administration is offering a tuition scholarship to a returning Volunteer interested in the two-year graduate program in professional social-work education. Send applications by May 1 to Mrs. Margaret Strozier, Dean of Students, School of Social Service Administration, University of Chicago, Chicago 37, Ill.

George Williams College, a coeducational college emphasizing preparation for teaching and youth leadership, is offering several full-tuition scholarships to returning Volunteers. Each award is for one academic year, but it may be renewed annually provided that the recipient meets the requirements. The scholarships may be used at either the *undergraduate* or the *graduate* level in any field of study offered by the college. Write the Director of Admissions, George Williams College, 5315 Drexel Ave., Chicago 15, Ill.

New Mexico State University has reserved 10 graduate assistantships for qualified Volunteers. Stipends will be $2200 for the first year for students with a bachelor's degree and $2600 for the first year for students with a master's degree. For information, write the Dean of the Graduate School, NMSU, University Park, N.M.

University of New Mexico has set aside 10 fellowships for graduate study for returning Volunteers. Fellowships for one year of study at the master's level are for $1500; for one year at the doctoral level, $1900. A number of graduate assistantships, carrying a stipend of $2000 each, have also been set aside. The application deadline is Apr. 15. Write to the Dean of the Graduate School, Preferential Peace Corps Graduate Awards, UNM, Albuquerque, N.M.

New York and New Jersey schools of social work urge returning Volunteers to apply for graduate study. The following institutions have set aside tuition scholarships for Volunteers desiring to prepare for careers in the field. Applications should be received by April. Interested Volunteers should write to the deans of the schools of social work of:

Adelphi College
Garden City, N.Y.

Hunter College
Room 314
695 Park Ave.
New York 21, N.Y.

New York University
Washington Square
New York 3, N.Y.

Rutgers—The State University
New Brunswick, N.J.

Syracuse University
Syracuse 10, N.Y.

Northern Illinois University has established 10 graduate assistantships for returning Volunteers for 1964-65. Volunteers who enroll in graduate programs leading to degrees of master of arts, master of music, master of science, or master of science in education will receive a stipend of $1980. Volunteers enrolled in graduate programs leading to the certificate of advanced study, or degrees of master of fine arts, doctor of education, or doctor of philosophy will receive a stipend of $2340. Students will be expected to work about 24 hours per week. Volunteers who already hold a master's degree may engage in half-time teaching under supervision; those who are working toward a master's degree may assist in research, in laboratory sections of undergraduate courses, or in other instructional activities. Write the Dean, Graduate School, NIU, DeKalb, Ill.

Pendle Hill, a center for study and contemplation operated by members of the Religious Society of Friends, is offering scholarships to returning Peace Corps Volunteers and American Friends Service Committee volunteers which will cover the full cost of one, two, or three terms during 1964-65. Although the center does not grant credits or degrees, arrangements can be made for study toward an M.A. at Haverford College while a person is in residence at Pendle Hill. In addition to the regular Pendle Hill program, a special seminar will be held for returning Peace Corps Volunteers. Write the Director, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa.

Pratt Institute has established two half-tuition scholarships for returning Volunteers to study in its program of tropical architecture or graduate architecture. The scholarships may be used for study leading to the degree of master of science in tropical architecture, master of architecture, or master of science in planning. A bachelor of architecture and the submission of a portfolio are required for admission to the programs in tropical architecture and graduate architecture. Admission to the program in planning requires a degree in liberal arts, architecture, engineering, landscape architecture, law, public administration, the social sciences, or other fields related to planning. Write the Dean, School of Architecture, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn 5, N.Y.

Johns Hopkins University's School of Advanced International Studies will provide one or two fellowships for returning Volunteers. The fellowships are for study towards a master's or a doctor's degree in international relations, with area specialization and intensive foreign-language training. A branch of the school in Bologna, Italy, prepares students in the field of European studies. Volunteers should write the Registrar, School of Advanced International Studies, Johns Hopkins University, 1740 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C.

Yale University School of Nursing has set aside several scholarships for returning Volunteers. The school offers a program of research and studies leading to the M.S.N. and Ph.D. degrees. A bachelor's degree and graduation from a school of nursing are required for admission. Application deadline is May 1. Volunteers should write to the Registrar, Yale School of Nursing, 310 Cedar St., New Haven 11, Conn.

New York State College Proficiency Examinations: Returning Volunteers interested in attending college or obtaining teacher certification in New York State may wish to take this written examination given in May, 1964. This examination affords one the opportunity of obtaining college credit for independent study and work experience at 95 two- and four-year colleges and universities in the State of New York. Conditions under which credit may be given are determined by each institution co-operating in the program. Tests are given in the following fields: American history, American literature, biology, chemistry, economics, educational psychology, European history, freshman English, mathematics, physics, Shakespeare, French, German, Italian, Russian, and Spanish. Examinations are three hours in length. Test fee is $15. Write to Norman D. Kurland, New York State Education Dept., College Proficiency Examinations, Albany 1, N.Y.

Other Opportunities

World Health Organization, an agency of the United Nations, has positions for nurses, medical officers, sanitary engineers and sanitarians, entomologists, bacteriologists, serologists, and health educators. Candidates must be fully cer-

(Continued on next page)

Writers Question Shriver, Volunteers On TV Program

The Peace Corps was the topic of conversation recently when the two-hour television show "Under Discussion" was shown in many American cities.

Sargent Shriver and eight returned Volunteers represented the Peace Corps. They were questioned by Holmes Alexander and Art Buchwald, columnists; Joseph Kraft, Washington correspondent for *Harper's* magazine, and Mrs. Frances Lanahan, a Washington writer who has visited several Peace Corps projects abroad. Leo Rosten, the author, was moderator of the show.

The returned Volunteers appearing were Robert Burns (Pakistan), Georgianna Shine (Ghana), Gene Schreiber (Tanganyika), Tom Scanlon (Chile), Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ehmann (Sierra Leone), and Duncan Yaggy and Brenda Brown (Philippines).

"Let's see—four years prep school . . . Princeton, Magna Cum Laude . . . three years Harvard Law School . . . two years Peace Corps . . ."

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UNICEF Requests Volunteers' Help

The United States Committee for UNICEF wants the help of returned Volunteers in its work of informing the American public about the programs of the United Nations Children's Fund. Returned Volunteers who have seen UNICEF in action in the field can assist by offering to serve as speakers for UNICEF and to work with UNICEF local committees where they exist. For details, write the United States Committee for UNICEF, 331 E. 38th St., New York, N.Y.

Opportunities

(Continued from previous page)

tified or trained in their fields. Knowledge of Spanish, Portuguese, or French is required for assignment overseas. Salaries range from $4800 to $8930. Travel, post adjustments, and other allowances are provided. Write to Luis Larrea Alba Jr., Chief, Personnel Section, World Health Organization, 1501 New Hampshire Ave., Washington 6, D.C.

The International Commission of the U.S. National Student Assn. has several positions which may interest returning Volunteers. These positions, both in this country and overseas, involve work with leaders of student movements in foreign countries and with foreign student organizations. The positions require sensitivity to individual and political backgrounds, language ability, administrative skills, and willingness to travel or live overseas. These positions would be particularly suitable for Volunteers whose Peace Corps assignments included management responsibilties or work with groups of foreign students.

Prospective employees should attend the International Student Relations Seminar held in Philadelphia from June 15 to Sept. 1. All seminar expenses are paid by USNSA. Because of its constitution, no one may be employed by the International Commission of the U.S. National Student Assn. for more than three years. Deadline for applications is Mar. 1. Write to International Student Relations Seminar, U.S. National Student Assn., 3457 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 4, Pa.

The International Center for Rural Development, a nonprofit French organization, would welcome hearing from returning Volunteers interested in agricultural development work in Africa and Asia. This organization provides developing countries, upon request of the host governments, with international teams of experts to live and work at the local level with farmers and other members of a given community who may be receptive to improved agricultural techniques. Once the agricultural program is under way, the team often expands its activity into other aspects of community life, such as marketing, water resources, housing, and education. Team members are paid a modest salary. Initial appointment is on a two-year contract basis. Most team members participate on a career basis. Qualifications include background in agriculture, cooperative marketing, or rural sociology. Contact the International Center for Rural Development, 96 Faubourg Poissonnière, Paris X, France, indicating your educational background, Peace Corps training and experience, other training and work experience, and special skills.

Ohio State University, Dept. of Procurement and Production, seeks a faculty person for a position in Guinea, West Africa. The individual would be appointed to the faculty of the College of Commerce at Ohio State and would serve as a member of a faculty team to develop and present an educational program in procurement and supply for the Guinean government. Qualifications include fluency in French, a knowledge of procurement and supply, and completion of graduate work at the master's level or the equivalent. Write to Clifton E. Mack, Chairman, Dept. of Procurement and Production, Ohio State University, Box X, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio.

International Milling Co. seeks returning Volunteers for overseas career positions. Employees would be trained in the United States and Canada for four years before being sent overseas. Qualifications include a college degree in liberal arts, business administration, or agriculture. Farming or ranching experience is helpful. Write to Manager, Recruiting and Training Division, International Milling Co., 1200 Investors Bldg., Minneapolis 2, Minn.

Esso International, the international division of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, seeks returning Volunteers. Positions are available in marketing, economic analysis, purchasing, marine designing, and area co-ordination. Qualifications include college training in business administration, economics, engineering, mathematics, or science. Applicants must be willing to accept overseas assignments. Write to William Blacker, Personnel Officer, Esso International, 15 W. 51st St., New York, N. Y.

"Cement mixer, putty-putty" may have been the tune as two Gabon Volunteers enjoyed a little comic relief on improvised merry-go-round after building school at N'Toum, near Libreville. They tested contraption before its use at a carnival celebrating the completed school. Volunteer-Gabonese team has built eight schools.

'It's Really Frustrating When They Won't Listen'

Hello, I'm Dr. Concern, of the U.S. Public Health Service. There is a new group of Peace Corps Volunteers coming here to North Wayout, and I'm making a brief survey of the medical problems in the area. How long have you been a Volunteer here?

About a year, Doc.

May I ask you some questions, and then quote you for the benefit of the new Volunteers?

Sure, Doc, go ahead.

OK. First, how has the health of your group been at this location?

Oh, I've been plenty healthy. Occasional diarrhea now and then, but you have to expect that here. Our group has had about the same experience.

Tell me more about this occasional diarrhea. Did you see a doctor for any of it? Was there any cause found for it?

Well, three times I went in to see our Peace Corps doc while I was in town for other business and conferences, etc. He checked my stool each time and found some amoebas twice and the third time giardia. And then I had to come in once for an emergency because there was blood in my stool and I was a bit worried. The doctor called it bacillary dysentery that time. I haven't been really sick, though.

Amoebas twice, giardia and bacillary once, and you're still not very alarmed?

Hell, Doc, everybody's got them. They tried to scare us back in training—showed us some pictures, and so on—but it ain't that bad here, really. None of us is really sick.

Speaking of training, what sort of advice did they give you to protect your health here?

Oh, they told us what to eat and what not to, to boil our water, and they gave us some pills to use in our water when we're away from home and can't boil it. We have a cook, too, and we get some blood tests and X-rays on him a couple of times a year.

Good. And have you been able to follow these precautions?

Most of the time. You know, Doc, most of us don't think you really need all that worry. We took a lot of trouble at first, but we got sloppy a few times, and we're still not sick. So we relax a little more.

How about your water?

Oh, we always boil that. Or at least the cook does. We showed him what we wanted done when we first hired him, and he's been OK ever since.

Do you check on him often?

Well, to tell the truth, no. I know we should, but it's easy to let it slide.

Do you carry boiled water into the field with you?

No. It's too much bother. They told us hot tea was OK, and I usually drink that if I get thirsty. Every now and then, when it's really hot, we drink from tube wells. They're pretty deep and should be safe.

OK? Has anyone ever tested the water to be sure? Do you know how deep they are, or how deep is 100 per cent safe?

No. They're probably about 150 feet deep, but I really don't know. Besides, on a long train trip you have to drink sometimes, and I get damned tired of tea. So I drink tube well water.

What about the iodine pills in your travel kit?

Did you ever taste those, Doc? I don't like them. And I don't think tube well water is that dangerous. I told you we haven't been very sick.

This seems to be a good house you're living in. Quite clean and roomy. Do all the Volunteers have places like this?

Generally they're pretty good.

This little hole-in-the-wall is the kitchen? Do you ever clean this place?

The cook doesn't mind it dirty. We've told him to clean it a few times, but he hasn't. So we don't pay much attention to it any more.

Can you give me a brief idea of your job and how things are going?

Sure. We're engineers and construction workers, building small bridges and culverts. The work is good, but sometimes can be frustrating as hell. I just can't teach some of these people anything. They have the best equipment and know-how to do the job right, I spend hours explaining to them, and it doesn't do any good. When I'm not there they don't take care of the equipment, they don't follow my advice, they don't use the tools I've brought for them. It's really frustrating.

I see . . .

—Charles Herron, M.D.

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